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Song of Glen Dun

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IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.

The conversion of the English ought to be attributed to the Irish Culdees, Ardan, Finan, Colman, Cedd, and others, and not to Austin, who was sent by Gregory the Great.

Scotland was never the name of North Britain, or Alban, until the end of the 10th century. The Irish Scots, Fergus, Loarne, and Angus, sons of Erc, founded the Kingdom of Scotland.

In the Synchronisms of Flacon Mainistaeach, compiled about the reign of Malcolm II, in the earlier part of the 11th century, it is stated that 20 years after the battle of Ocha, the children of Erc (Fergus, Loarne, and Angus) passed over into Alban.

The battle of Ocha is a celebrated era in Irish chronological history, and was fought in Ireland in the year 498, A.D.

The Roman writers make the first appearance of the Scots in 369, when they joined the Picts and Saxons in assailing the Roman province. The Roman province extended to Agricola's wall, between the Forth and the Clyde.

Tigernac, the annalist, who died in 1088, says—"In the year 501, A.D., Fergus Mor, son of Erc, held part of Britain with the tribe of Dalriada." This tribe was the Scots of N.E. Ulster (Co. Antrim). Erc and his people are said to have been converted by St. Patrick.

St. Columba was born at Gartan, Co. Donegal. He was of the blood royal. His father was Felim, son of Fergus, who was grand-son of Nial, King of Ireland, known as Nial of the Nine Hostages, or Nial the Great.

The mother of Felim was Aithne, daughter of Loarne who first reigned with his brother Fergus over the Scots of Argyllshire.

Fergus Mac Erc was succeeded in 529 by his son Domnugart; who was succeeded by his son Comgall, 534, A.D.; who was succeeded by his brother, Gabbran, 558, A.D.; who was succeeded by his nephew, Conall, son of Comgall, 650, A.D.

Conall gave the island of Hy (Iona) to St. Columba in 563. Ailan, cousin to Conall, succeeded in 574. He accompanied St. Columba in 590 to the Synod of Drumceath, in Ireland, where a dispute was settled between the Irish King and the King of the Scots.

St. Aidan, a Culdee from Iona, founded the monastery at Lindisfarn, 642, within sight of the royal city of Bamborough, and Lindisfarn became to the Northumbrians what Iona had been to the Picts and Scots.

In 1873 I visited Iona. There are no remains there prior to the 11th century, as all the vestiges of the Culdees were destroyed by the Norsemen. In the cemetery the burial place of the Kings, 48 Scottish, 4 Irish, and 8 Danish or Norse Kings, are said to have been buried.

The creek where Columba landed is called Gort-a-Curraich, the port of the corrach.

It is said that St. Columba would not allow his Culdee brotherhood to keep a cow, and he gave it for his reason that where there was a cow there must be a woman, and where there was a woman there was sure to be mischief.

FREDERICK GREER.

SONG OF GLEN DUN.

"Sure this is blessed Erin an' this the same glen,
The gold is on the whin-bush, the wather sings again,
The fairy thorn's in flower—an' what ails my heart then?
Flower o' the May,
Flower o' the May,
What about the May time, an' he far away!
Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves the sea,
An' the wind must kiss the heather top, and the red bell hides
a bee;
As the bee is dear to the honey-flower, so one is dear to me.
Flower o' the rose,
Flower o' the rose,
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.
The bracken up the braeside has rusted in the air,
Three birches lean together, so silver limbed an' fair,
Och! golden leaves are flying fast, but the scarlet roan is rare.
Berry o' the roan,
Berry o' the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh alone.
I knit beside the turf fire, I spin upon the wheel,
Winter nights for thinkin' long, round runs the reel...
But he never knew, he never knew that here for him I'd kneel.
Sparkle o' the fire,
Sparkle o' the fire,
Mother Mary keep my love, an' send me my desire!"
MOIRA O'NEILL.

EVOLUTION.

Looking into Kidd's "Social Evolution" I came on a passage which struck me forcibly as giving the explanation of the seemingly inertness or apathy of the old Irish land-owners in the face of the economic changes that have been going on for many years. You ascribe their abject condition to some occult magical influence—you call it the Great Enchantment. Is there not below a more far-reaching explanation than this? "It has been noticed that the most significant feature of the process of social development, in which the power-holding classes are in full conscious retreat before the incoming people is that these classes are themselves deeply affected by the softening influences of the time. All classes of Society have become sensitive in a high degree to the sight of suffering or wrong of any kind. The effect on the power-holding classes is to take away their faith in their own cause. With all the enormous latent strength of their position these classes do not make, and either consciously or unconsciously realise that they cannot make any effective resistance to the onward movement which is gradually uplifting the people at their expense."

R. YOUNG.

I like the Review greatly, and am quite in touch with the sentiments you express in "The Great Enchantment." You threw out a hint some time ago of bringing it to an end. I wish I could persuade you to develop the idea. It is perfectly true (every student of History knows it) that nations, classes, customs, etc., "have their day, and cease to be." I would like to see your explanation of the question, whether in this case it is due to preventable causes, or is inevitable from the onward march of history.

T. A. O'M.

A QUEER STREET IN DUBLIN.

Under this title your correspondent, Annie Lloyd, writes an interesting letter on the very picturesque, tortuous thoroughfare which connected Christ Church and St. Patrick's, to which I have often brought strangers, as being the most characteristic spot in Dublin. Modern improvements are rapidly destroying it. On both sides large spaces have been, and are being, cleared of their tumble-down houses, and even now the street is hardly worth showing as a curiosity. Your correspondent brings us up from St. Patrick's. I used to prefer going down from Christ Church, as the view downward, with the market displayed at the south end of the street, crowned with the tall spire of St. Patrick's, was certainly the most striking. It has been painted, if I mistake not, a few years ago, by Mr. Walter Osborne. The right moment to see the view was on a sunny Saturday afternoon; for then the red brick walls of the upper stories glowed with the mellow light, while from all the windows were hanging clothes to dry. Below stood out the wooden pent houses, under which quantities of old clothes, mostly rich varieties of black, with occasional gleams of scarlet, made a gloomy but splendid contrast of colour. Encamped in the street were untidy women at tables covered with rows of fish and joints of meat, giving bright patches of ——— and stripy red as their addition to the picture. The general dirt and disorder of the street added to its charm as a picture. The only other old street in Dublin I could compare with it was Chambers-street, beyond the Coombe, where all the houses till recently were gabled, and a narrow lane which runs from the quays up hill to the town of the Synod House (I forget the name), which on a sunny afternoon (Saturday) is still worth seeing, as no improvements have spoiled it. We have no right, I suppose, to complain; but the æsthetic and the sanitary seem so far in direct conflict, and it seems to be left for the 20th century to design clean dwellings and thoroughfares which shall not be at the same time vulgar and hideous.

J. P. MAHAFFY.